

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER VIII. A HAND AT CARDS.

HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont-Neuf, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. They both looked to the right and to the left into most of the shops they passed, had a wary eye for all gregarious assemblages of people, and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers. It was a raw evening, and the misty river, blurred to the eye with blazing lights and to the ear with harsh noises, showed where the barges were stationed in which the smiths worked, making guns for the Army of the Republic. Woe to the man who played tricks with *that* Army, or got undeserved promotion in it! Better for him that his beard had never grown, for the National Razor shaved him close.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine they wanted. After peeping into several wine-shops, she stopped at the sign of The Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace, once (and twice) the Tuileries, where the aspect of things rather took her fancy. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description they had passed, and, though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, attended by her cavalier.

Slightly observant of the smoky lights; of the people, pipe in mouth, playing with limp cards and yellow dominoes; of the one bare-breasted, bare-armed, soot-begrimed workman reading a journal aloud, and of the others listening to him; of the weapons worn, or laid aside to be resumed; of the two or three customers fallen forward asleep, who in the popular, high-shouldered shaggy black spencer looked, in that attitude, like slumbering bears or dogs; the two

outlandish customers approached the counter, and showed what they wanted.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going, he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her, than Miss Pross uttered a scream, and clapped her hands.

In a moment, the whole company were on their feet. That somebody was assassinated by somebody vindicating a difference of opinion, was the likeliest occurrence. Everybody looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and woman standing staring at each other; the man with all the outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough Republican; the woman, evidently English.

What was said in this disappointing anticlimax, by the disciples of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, except that it was something very voluble and loud, would have been as so much Hebrew or Chaldean to Miss Pross and her protector, though they had been all ears. But, they had no ears for anything in their surprise. For, it must be recorded, that not only was Miss Pross lost in amazement and agitation; but, Mr. Cruncher—though it seemed on his own separate and individual account—was in a state of the greatest wonder.

"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream; speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!" cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. "After not setting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here!"

"Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?" asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question!"

"Then hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out, if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine, and come out. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said, through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher."

"Let him come out too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

Apparently, Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said not a word, however, and

Miss Pross, exploring the depths of her reticule through her tears with great difficulty, paid for the wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the followers of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, and offered a few words of explanation in the French language, which caused them all to relapse into their former places and pursuits.

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at the dark street corner, "what do you want?"

"How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from!" cried Miss Pross, "to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection."

"There. Con-found it! There," said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own. "Now are you content?"

Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence.

"If you expect me to be surprised," said her brother Solomon, "I am not surprised; I knew you were here; I know of most people who are here. If you really don't want to endanger my existence—which I half believe you do—go your ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official."

"My English brother Solomon," mourned Miss Pross, casting up her tear-fraught eyes, "that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest of men in his native country, an official among foreigners, and such foreigners! I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his—"

"I said so!" cried her brother, interrupting. "I knew it! You want to be the death of me. I shall be rendered Suspected, by my own sister. Just as I am getting on!"

"The gracious and merciful Heavens forbid!" cried Miss Pross. "Far rather would I never see you again, dear Solomon, though I have ever loved you truly, and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me, and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us, and I will detain you no longer."

Good Miss Pross! As if the estrangement between them had come of any culpability of hers. As if Mr. Lorry had not known it for a fact, years ago, in the quiet corner in Soho, that this precious brother had spent her money and left her!

He was saying the affectionate word, however, with a far more grudging condescension and patronage than he could have shown if their relative merits and positions had been reversed (which is invariably the case, all the world over), when Mr. Cruncher, touching him on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question:

"I say! Might I ask the favour? As to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John?"

The official turned towards him with sudden distrust. He had not previously uttered a word.

"Come!" said Mr. Cruncher. "Speak out, you know." (Which, by the way, was more than he could do himself.) "John Solomon, or

Solomon John? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And I know you're John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding that name of Pross, likewise. That warn't your name over the water."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know all I mean, for I can't call to mind what your name was, over the water."

"No!" sneered Solomon.

"No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. T'other one's was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What in the name of the Father of Lies, own father to yourself was you called at that time?"

"Barsad," said another voice, striking in.

"That's the name for a thousand pound!" cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in, was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was well, or unless I could be useful; I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a Sheep of the Prisons."

Sheep was the cant word of the time for a spy, under the gaolers. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared—

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls, an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connexion, and having a reason, to which you are no stranger, for associating you with the misfortunes of a friend now very unfortunate, I walked in your direction. I walked into the wine-shop here, close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your unreserved conversation, and the rumour openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your calling. And gradually, what I had done at random, seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad."

"What purpose?" the spy asked.

"It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous, to explain in the street. Could you favour me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"Under a threat?"

"Oh! Did I say that!"

"Then why should I go there?"

"Really, Mr. Barsad, I can't say, if you can't."

"Do you mean that you won't say, sir?" the spy irresolutely asked.

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"You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't."

Carton's negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in aid of his quickness and skill, in such a business as he had in his secret mind, and with such a man as he had to do with. His practised eye saw it, and made the most of it.

"Now, I told you so," said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister; "if any trouble comes of this, it's your doing."

"Come, come, Mr. Barsad!" exclaimed Sydney. "Don't be ungrateful. But for my great respect for your sister, I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the Bank?"

"I'll hear what you have got to say. Yes, I'll go with you."

"I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected; and as your escort knows Mr. Barsad, I will invite him to Mr. Lorry's with us. Are we ready? Come then!"

Miss Pross recalled soon afterwards, and to the end of her life remembered, that as she pressed her hands on Sydney's arm and looked up in his face, imploring him to do no hurt to Solomon, there was a braced purpose in the arm and a kind of inspiration in the eyes, which not only contradicted his light manner, but changed and raised the man. She was too much occupied then, with fears for the brother who so little deserved her affection, and with Sydney's friendly reassurances, adequately to heed what she observed.

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire—perhaps looking into their blaze for the picture of that younger elderly gentleman from Tellson's, who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover, now a good many years ago. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Barsad?" repeated the old gentleman, "Barsad? I have an association with the name—and with the face."

"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton, coolly. "Pray sit down."

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the link that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him with a frown, "Witness at that trial." Mr. Lorry immediately remembered, and regarded his new visitor with an undisguised look of abhorrence.

"Mr. Barsad has been recognised by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard

of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, "What do you tell me! I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him!"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother Sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken."

Mr. Lorry's business eye read in the speaker's face that it was loss of time to dwell upon the point. Confused, but sensible that something might depend on his presence of mind, he commanded himself, and was silently attentive.

"Now, I trust," said Sydney to him, "that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow—you said he would be before the Tribunal again to-morrow, Mr. Barsad?"

"Yes; I believe so."

"—In as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you, I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest."

"He may not have known of it beforehand," said Mr. Lorry.

"But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law."

"That's true," Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin, and his troubled eyes on Carton.

"In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the Doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one. No man's life here is worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people to-day, may be condemned to-morrow. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win, is Mr. Barsad."

"You need have good cards, sir," said the spy.

"I'll run them over. I'll see what I hold.—Mr. Lorry, you know what a brute I am; I wish you'd give me a little brandy."

It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful—drank off another glassful—pushed the bottle thoughtfully away.

"Mr. Barsad," he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards: "Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a

Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief so much spoken of and so difficult to find. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad?"

"Not to understand your play," returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

"I play my Ace, Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest Section Committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."

He drew the bottle near, poured out another glassful of brandy, and drank it off. He saw that the spy was fearful of his drinking himself into a fit state for the immediate denunciation of him. Seeing it, he poured out and drank another glassful.

"Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his honourable employment in England, through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there—not because he was not wanted there; our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date—he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France: first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there: gradually, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop; had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release, and history, as should serve him for an introduction to familiar conversation with the Defarges; had tried them on Madame Defarge, and had broken down with them signally. He always remembered with fear and trembling, that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her, and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the Section of Saint Antoine, over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was, did, that he was never safe; that flight was impossible; that he was tied fast under the shadow of the axe; and that in spite of his utmost tergiversation and treachery in furtherance of the reigning terror, a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced, and on such grave grounds as had just now been suggested to his mind, he foresaw that the dreadful woman of

whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs, would produce against him that fatal register, and would quash his last chance of life. Besides that all secret men are men soon terrified, here were surely cards enough of one black suit, to justify the holder in growing rather livid as he turned them over.

"You scarcely seem to like your hand," said Sydney, with the greatest composure. "Do you play?"

"I think, sir," said the spy, in the meanest manner, as he turned to Mr. Lorry, "I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence, to put it to this other gentleman, so much your junior, whether he can under any circumstance reconcile it to his station to play that Ace of which he has spoken. I admit that I am a spy, and that it is considered a discreditable station—though it must be filled by somebody; but this gentleman is no spy, and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one?"

"I play my Ace, Mr. Barsad," said Carton, taking the answer on himself, and looking at his watch, "without any scruple, in a very few minutes."

"I should have hoped, gentlemen both," said the spy, always striving to hook Mr. Lorry into the discussion, "that your respect for my sister——"

"I could not better testify my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother," said Sydney Carton.

"You think not, sir?"

"I have thoroughly made up my mind about it."

The smooth manner of the spy, curiously in dissonance with his ostentatiously rough dress, and probably with his usual demeanour, received such a check from the inscrutability of Carton—who was a mystery to wiser and honest men than he—that it faltered here and failed him. While he was at a loss, Carton said, resuming his former air of contemplating cards:

"And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow-Sheep, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons; who was he?"

"French. You don't know him," said the spy, quickly.

"French, eh?" repeated Carton, musing, and not appearing to notice him at all, though he echoed his word. "Well; he may be."

"Is, I assure you," said the spy; "though it's not important."

"Though it's not important," repeated Carton in the same mechanical way—"though it's not important—No, it's not important. No. Yet I know the face."

"I think not. I am sure not. It can't be," said the spy.

"It—can't—be," muttered Sydney Carton, retrospectively, and filling his glass (which fortunately was a small one) again. "Can't—be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner, I thought?"

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"Provincial," said the spy.

"No. Foreign!" cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind. "Cly! Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the Old Bailey."

"Now, there you are hasty, sir," said Barsad, with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra inclination to one side; "there you really give me an advantage over you. Cly (who I will unreservedly admit, at this distance of time, was a partner of mine) has been dead several years. I attended him in his last illness. He was buried in London, at the church of Saint Pancras-in-the-Fields. His unpopularity with the blackguard multitude at the moment, prevented my following his remains, but I helped to lay him in his coffin."

Here, Mr. Lorry became aware, from where he sat, of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head.

"Let us be reasonable," said the spy, "and let us be fair. To show you how mistaken you are, and what an unfounded assumption yours is, I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocket-book," with a hurried hand he produced and opened it, "ever since. There it is. Oh, look at it, look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

Here, Mr. Lorry perceived the reflexion on the wall to elongate, and Mr. Cruncher rose and stepped forward. His hair could not have been more violently on end, if it had been that moment dressed by the Cow with the crumpled horn in the house that Jack built.

Unseen by the spy, Mr. Cruncher stood at his side, and touched him on the shoulder like a ghostly bailiff.

"That there Roger Cly, master," said Mr. Cruncher, with a taciturn and iron-bound visage.

"So you put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it?"

Barsad leaned back in his chair, and stammered, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Cruncher, "that he warr't never in it. No! Not he! I'll have my head took off, if he was ever in it."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry.

"I tell you," said Jerry, "that you buried paving-stones and earth in that there coffin. Don't go and tell me that you buried Cly. It was a take in. Me and two more knows it."

"How do you know it?"

"What's that to you? Ecod!" growled Mr. Cruncher, "it's you I have got a old grudge again, is it, with your shameful impositions upon tradesmen! I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

Sydney Carton, who, with Mr. Lorry, had been lost in amazement at this turn of the business,

here requested Mr. Cruncher to moderate and explain himself.

"At another time, sir," he returned, evasively, "the present time is ill-convenient for explainin'. What I stand to, is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin. Let him say he was, in so much as a word of one syllable, and I'll either catch hold of his throat and choke him for half a guinea;" Mr. Cruncher dwelt upon this as quite a liberal offer; "or I'll out and announce him."

"Humph! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. Impossible, here in raging Paris, with Suspicion filling the air, for you to outlive denunciation, when you are in communication with another aristocratic spy of the same antecedents as yourself, who, moreover, has the mystery about him of having feigned death and come to life again! A plot in the prisons, of the foreigner against the Republic. A strong card—a certain Guillotine card! Do you play?"

"No!" returned the spy. "I throw up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob, that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death, and that Cly was so ferreted up and down, that he never would have got away at all but for that sham. Though how this man knows it was a sham, is a wonder of wonders to me."

"Never you trouble your head about this man," retorted the contentious Mr. Cruncher; "you'll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman. And look here! Once more!"—Mr. Cruncher could not be restrained from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberality—"I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The Sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton, and said, with more decision, "It has come to a point. I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal; what is it? Now, it is of no use asking too much of me. Ask me to do anything in my office, putting my head in great extra danger, and I had better trust my life to the chances of refusal than the chances of consent. In short, I should make that choice. You talk of desperation. We are all desperate here. Remember! I may denounce you if I think proper, and I can swear my way through stone walls, and so can others. Now, what do you want with me?"

"Not very much. You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I tell you once for all, there is no such thing as an escape possible," said the spy, firmly.

"Why need you tell me what I have not asked? You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I am sometimes."

"You can be when you choose?"

"I can pass in and out when I choose."

Sydney Carton filled another glass with brandy, poured it slowly out upon the hearth, and watched it as it dropped. It being all spent, he said, rising:

"So far, we have spoken before these two,

because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone."

FRUIT RIPENING IN TUSCANY.

A LIBERAL Englishman long resident in Florence, with wit to observe, and knowledge to bring to bear upon, and skill to record what passes, has watched with interest the political efforts of the Tuscans. He now tells us in a book, which compares the Tuscany of 'forty-nine with the Tuscany of 'fifty-nine, the true sequence of national events in that state during the last dozen years. By help of such a book we understand more thoroughly the meaning of what now passes in the country to which all Europe is looking with deep interest and active curiosity, for the writer—MR. THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE—speaks of the affairs of Tuscany in as far as they were the affairs of Italy, and are the affair of every man who would see thought and honest action set free everywhere to help in the advancement of society.

That the world does not grow wise by royal edicts, but by the free, wholesome, individual working of each man among his fellows, is the truth lying at the heart of Mr. Trollope's history. In the bonds of despotism, whether they be leading-strings or fetters, men can only totter forward painfully. The bonds of the Austrian were leading-strings for Tuscany, when Leopold the First, grandfather of the last duke, governed the country. He was wiser than his cousins in the purple. With a liberal hand he restrained the tyrannical encroachments of the Church, and he himself ruled generously. Some trace also of the old republican vigour still held by the life of the people; who were then, as always, prosperous, cheerful, quick-witted, and easily content. There is no true man with a temper easy enough to bear the stranger's foot upon his neck.

The paternal spirit of authority will sanctify to the heart of a brave people, no man's claim to regard a whole community as part of his own private and personal estate. The Emperor of Austria was counting in the roll of his estate so many flocks and herds of men in Italy. His army was the dog to set upon them and collect them when they strayed beyond his bounds. But thunders of applause was heard in the theatres of Italy when Niccolini exclaims, through his noble tragedy on Arnold of Brescia, "The human race is a-weary of being termed a herd." "How well satisfied your people look," said somebody, in compliment to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, a little while before the great outbreak of 'forty-eight. "They are tranquil," was the reply. But through that tranquillity the patriotic verse of Giusti passed quietly from hand to hand and mouth to mouth. Men spoke his scorn upon themselves for their vassalage; it was the tranquillity of his "Land of the Dead," in which the dead whispered together underneath the

Lovely graveyard, that might make
The living covet death.

In fine then, brother corpses,
Let men sing out their stave!
Wait we, and see what ending
This living death may have.

There is a *Day of Anger*
In the service for the tomb!
Shall there not be, however far,
A Judgment-day to come?

While this pointed against Austria, the Italians were patriots, not knowing what should be the issue of their hopes. They were uneasy in the present, and looked through a vague sentiment of patriotism to a better future. Upon this sentiment they could allow the very Austrian himself to trade. "Italians," said the Archduke John to them, half a century ago, "is it the wish of your hearts to become again Italians?" If so, the condition of their enjoyment of this wish was that they should fight upon the side of Austria. "Italians, it is needed only to will it, for you to be again Italians." So they were told how the will was to be taken for the deed. "Italians," proclaimed an Austrian commander, three years later, "you are to become, all of you, an independent nation." The independence was through Austria was defined by Bellegarde for the people of Lombardy to be that their provinces "were definitively incorporated with the Austrian empire." "Italy," said Metternich, at last, in a despatch of the second of August, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, "Italy is but a geographical denomination." Francis of Austria, when he heard that in sundry states of Europe, constitutions were being established, exclaimed that "the world was going mad." And when he received compliments from the body of Professors of the University of Pavia, he said to them, "Remember always, gentlemen, that your duty is to form, not learned men, but obedient subjects." Italy, however, angered by the Austrian in Lombardy, had not fully recognised the indispensable condition of her independence to be a complete freedom from Austrian domination.

The predecessor of Pius the Ninth had been a helpless old man, personally harmless, but officially the maintainer, by grace of foreign bayonets, of the true Papal system of espials, confiscations, banishments, imprisonments, and executions. He died in the year 'forty-six, when roses were in blossom. The Roman Church had, of course, as a political state, its Liberals and Tories. Lambruschini, at the head of the Tories, strove to shut the gate against reforms, and fasten it with the old Austrian military padlock. Since reform is the drop of poison that will some day shatter the charmed glass of the popedom, since the decrepid Papal government must sicken and die if it be much exposed to the sharp, bracing air of human progress, there can be no doubt that, in the interests of the tiara, Lambruschini was the truest counsellor. On the other side there was a large body trusting in the beautiful dream

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of the Piedmontese Abbé Gioberti, who supposed that a pope might rule as if he were another Saint John the Apostle, or the true Saint Peter, who bade men to lay aside all malice and all guile and hypocrisies.

On behalf of the liberal party, two cardinals were proposed for the vacant papedom. Although one of them was known to be much trusted by the people, the counsels of the liberals within the Sacred College were divided, and the greatest number of votes, though not the majority necessary for election, thus fell to the lot of Lambruschini. The two sections of the liberals took alarm upon this; by mutual consent dropped both their candidates; and joined their force for the election, almost at haphazard, of Giovanni Mastai, one of the obscurest members of the College. He was the quiet bishop of the distant little city of Imola, with so little influence at Rome, that, when he received the purple as Pius the Ninth, his eldest brother was a political prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. A month after his installation the new pope issued, on the sixteenth of July, eighteen forty-six, an edict declaring a general amnesty of all political offences. It was the first public sign of character he gave, and it was received with immense joy, not only in the Papal States, but throughout Italy. It was heightened when the next act of the pope was to declare the favourite cardinal, who had been desired as pope by the people, his chief councillor and secretary of state. Austria now regretted deeply that the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, whom she had sent to assure the election of Lambruschini, had arrived at Rome too late. Liberals in Italy believed that half their will at least was at once to be accomplished under the lead of that new portent, a Reforming Pope. What firs were they not to gather when the blossoms of this thistle ripened into fruit!

There was at this time no state in Italy so easy and prosperous as Tuscany. To pass into Tuscany from the States of the Church was, and is, to observe men, houses, cattle, tillage, towns, villages, even the aspect of Nature herself, changed for the better. When the good-natured Tuscan giant saw Neighbour Dwarf—the poor, commiserated popeland—rejoicing in amnesty and constitutional advances, she said (as Mr. Trollope suggests), with the Cornish giant, who admired Jack's feats in the swallowing of pudding, "Her can do that herself!"

Leopold the Second of Tuscany was an amiable man, bodily cousin of the Emperor of Austria, but spiritual son to the Pope. When his Holiness passed for a social and political reformer, Leopold reconciled much liberality of action with his conscience, because it was recommended by the keeper of his conscience. But he was not prepared for action at all hazards. The head of his house was at Vienna, and "my master," Metternich wrote, "will not permit the approach towards representative government in any state within the peninsula." Again, as a prince devout in reverence for the authority of Rome, which was regarded lightly by his people, Leo-

pold the Second was inclined to break down the restraints on Church encroachment, which had been set up in the laws of Leopold the First. His desire was for a concordat with Rome, in direct antagonism to the policy of his wise grandfather and the spirit of his people. The spirit of the Grand-Ducal government had become less friendly to liberty for a year or two before the accession of Pius the Ninth. Political fugitives were not allowed the harbour they had found there. After the change of pope, during the whole year 'forty-six, the government and people were still moving in opposite directions. Mean efforts were made to propitiate the offended government of Austria. Two professors of the University of Pisa—Silvester Centofanti, the most respected, and Guiseppe Montanelli, the most influential, of the Tuscan public teachers—received warnings from the government. In the last month of the year there occurred the centenary of the expulsion of the Austrians from Genoa by the Genoese. All Italy kept it. Austria strove in vain to quench the bonfires that blazed out from top to top of the Apennines. In spite of the police, on the circle of hill-tops that surround Florence, the fires leaped out boldly as soon as the early winter night was dark.

In the year 'forty-seven, Pius the Ninth had begun to understand that, being a pope, he must, as a reformer, let I dare not wait upon I would. The King of Naples, by unstinted perjury, gilded despotic power with his sacred promises. His promise was so little trusted, that when, on the twenty-ninth of January, eighteen forty-eight, King Ferdinand swore to maintain the new constitution of his monarchy, it was jealously guarded by the people with an imprecation of unusual solemnity: "In the awful name of the Most Holy and Omnipotent God, who only can read the secrets of the heart, on whom we loudly call to be the judge of the purity and perfect loyalty of the intentions with which we have determined to enter on this new political course." The late detested and infamous King of Naples took this oath, and broke it under circumstances of atrocity unequalled in all royal annals.

In Tuscany, irresolution of the government was manifest to Austria, and, upon this, the wise man of Vienna played. While law had her seat in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, the despicable swarm of government spies and informers, known there as the Good Government, the "Buon Governo," had its own perfectly distinct offices in the Palazzo Non Finito. There had been a poor harvest; but Tuscans never starve, and they are, as to ordinary details of life, an easy-going people, not at all likely to set up bread-riots while they have bread in their mouths. But the agents of Austria seized on the fact as a means of alarming the Grand-Duke with riots of their own fomenting, and by the diffusion of communistic pamphlets which they had themselves imported. This is regarded as a delicate and subtle part of Austrian policy. On reliable authority it is asserted that Prince

Metternich himself used to direct the burrowers in these mines under the feet of Liberty, and to protect them in case of danger. A leader of libel and uproar, a native of Pinerolo, having been arrested by the Tuscan government, was claimed by the Austrian minister at Florence, although a Sardinian subject; and it then became officially known that his debts, which were considerable, had been lately paid by an Austrian agent. Tories of Rome, as men of the Holy Faith, or Sanfedisti, were not less unscrupulous in their hostility to the advancement of the people. One faithful man proclaimed in print that Pius the Ninth was not pope by canonical election, and that he was, in truth, an anti-pope. In the middle of April the Pope founded at Rome, as a rudimentary or tadpole Parliament, a Council of State. On the last day of May the same thing was decreed at Florence; but, in this first effort at a Parliament, there was little more to be found even of the tadpole than its tail. Rome, under the reforming Pope, had a national guard. Accordingly, by sovereign edict, still the only source of change, placarded in the customary manner on the city walls, a Tuscan national guard was established in September, 'forty-seven. The people were delighted; they went, full of gratitude, to the duke's palace, where they were received with a few spontaneous words of propitious omen. The duke returned then to the balcony outside, waved the national flag, and handed it down to those who stood below. An old archbishop was fetched out of his house to intone a *Te Deum* instantly, and then the people set to work upon grave questions of dress and accoutrement, with all the zeal of a small family of children busy over a new doll. The Grand-Duke meant well and yielded weakly. He would take no hint from Vienna to call soldiers in and stop the current of reform, but he yielded again weakly to the pressure of his imperial cousin and to the abrupt change which occurred in the Pope's mind; for this Grand-Duke never was a self-dependent man. Troops which he had refused as helpers in resistance to the wishes of his people, he did at last rely upon for support, in the abolition of all he had sworn to maintain.

An accidental conflict between the Florentines and the *sbirri*, or spies and informers of the *Buon Governo*, caused a two days' tumult without plunder or bloodshed. Tumult was a new thing in Tuscany, and although in England many an election riot is a graver matter in itself, there it meant the approach of revolution. At the same time Austrian soldiers in Italian towns were prompted to redouble their provoking insolence. In Milan a venerable magistrate was accidentally trodden down and killed under the defiant gallop through the streets of Austrian cavalry, scattering the populace to right and left.

It was in these days that Lord Minto went on his Italian mission. The Pope's nuncio had asked for a more active moral support from England in aid of Italian progress; and, in reply to a question 'from our government, that moral support had been defined as the presence of

some persons "in the confidence of her Majesty's government, who could have a temporary opportunity of personally communicating with the Pope and his minister." Lord Minto was sent, therefore, to express England's belief that human right is human right, as opposed to the Austrian doctrine that wrong is divine right.

In January, 'forty-eight, Naples received a constitution. On the eighth of the next month Piedmont received the same, and, on the seventeenth, was promulgated the fundamental statute, which was the base of a new constitution, endowing Tuscany with a complete representative system. On the twenty-fourth of the same month, monarchy fell in France.

Great changes, stirring hope and fear, then followed rapidly in Europe. Soon, there was insurrection in Vienna, followed immediately by the rising against Austria of Lombardy and Venice. On the twenty-third of March, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, decided upon crossing the Ticino, after much misgiving overcome by the entreaties of the Lombards and the importunities of his own subjects. He knew that he could not trust the other sovereigns, that the Pope had now reached the extreme end of his tether, that there was no sound help to be had from the republicans of the Mazzini school—that he would stand, in fact, alone.

The belief that it was possible to associate a permanent spirit of progress and reform with governments under the influence of the Pope or the Emperor of Austria had been in those days the capital mistake of the Italians. But the Lombard insurrection suddenly stirred among the Tuscans a belief that if Italy was to advance fairly she must cease to carry Austria upon her back. Students and enthusiasts in Florence assembled in front of the municipality, demanding of that sole remaining fragment of the old republican manner of government "arms and all else necessary for their immediate departure to defend the frontier." The municipality at once applied to the Grand-Duke, and within two hours Leopold the Second had assented to the movement. When his assent was placarded, he proclaimed that he was "pressing on the conclusion of the powerful Italian league which he had always wished for," and he ended with the loyal cry of "Long live constitutional Italy!" Long might she live, indeed—she was not born!

It is asserted that a quantity of papers which had belonged to Radetzky were purchased for a very considerable sum in Milan, and that among them was a letter from the Grand-Duke, written at this time, telling him that he had sent him twelve thousand "*canaille*," which he hoped he would rid him of.

The subjects of the Pope formed volunteer bodies of "crusaders," and marched out "to the frontiers," blessed by his Holiness, with Father Gavazzi at their head as chaplain-general, and General Durando for their leader. Charles Albert had ordered Durando to invest Mantua, but Durando waited in vain for the necessary orders from the Roman ministers.

Only irresolute private words were heard from the Pope. The Sanfedisti caused many letters to be sent from Germany assuring him that a schism in the Church would be the consequence of any war between the Pope and emperor. At last, not to the soldiers, but to the priests, Pius the Ninth first announced the great change in his policy. On the twenty-ninth of May he read an encyclic letter to the cardinals assembled in consistory, disowning General Durando, and virtually declaring that upon the path of reform he dared advance no more. From that day Pius has been every inch a pope.

The people of Rome became angry, and their anger was fanned by the Sanfedisti, who threw among the crowd a rumour that in Friuli a Roman soldier had been found hung on a tree, with a paper fixed to his breast bearing the words, "This is the treatment reserved for the soldiers of Pio Nono." Italy had built hopes on the Pope, which fell as their foundation slipped from under them. During the last ten years, she has very wisely been rebuilding those hopes on a better basis.

While in Rome the Pope was reading that encyclic letter, four or five thousand Tuscan citizens and university lads untrained to arms, led by "exceedingly erudite persons who had nothing military about them save the honour, the courage, and the dress, having also for their artillery no more than three small cannon and a howitzer, dragged to the spot by post-horses and there left immovable, were defending an important post at Curtatone against Radetzky, who brought to the field twenty-eight Austrian battalions, twelve squadrons of cavalry, fifty-eight cannon, and five batteries of rockets.

"These boys," Radetzky said, "will make me lose an entire day!" They did, indeed, stay the advance of the Austrians long enough to enable the army of Charles Albert to win, on the day following the battle of Goito. It was accounted glorious after long fighting to overwhelm with five-and-thirty thousand trained soldiers this handful of undisciplined young patriots, who proved at this their Thermopylæ that there is in the mild Tuscans a soul of manhood which three centuries of despotism could not destroy.

But there was—there is not, but there was—weakness of inexperience. Ten years ago the first great want of Italy was half perceived, and in Tuscany, as elsewhere, there was a faith put in the words of the wilder sort of republicans, which has now been thoroughly relinquished by their deeds. They had their day, and Tuscans know to their own profit what manner of day it was. There were few there who understood that everything lay in the issue of Charles Albert's chivalrous encounter with the Austrian. The republicans helped Austria to discomfit the Sardinian king, because he was a king. They disdained compromise with monarchy, even when it was Italian; so they brought down again, the armed heel of a stranger empire on the people's necks.

Napoleon Guerrazzi, a shrewd, honest, and eloquent lawyer of Leghorn, although he had

the mob of his own town at his disposal, was not elected by the Livornese as one of their four deputies when, in June, 'forty-eight, the first assembly of the Tuscan Chambers was to meet at Florence. But after a few months, Leghorn—a seaport swarming with porters, fishermen, and mariners, all ignorant, and all shouting for the unknown good which they called a republic—was torn by civil war. The hope of his fellow-citizens was in Guerrazzi, whom they sought in Florence and brought to their rescue. By his bold energy and eloquence, Leghorn was saved.

Guerrazzi, though a theoretical republican, was a practical man, and when, a month afterwards, the Archduke, unable to rule by the sole ministry of Montanelli, joined to him the obnoxious demagogue Guerrazzi, he found at the first interview good reason to believe that from the man he had most dreaded he would get the soundest help. Italy was then longing for a federal Italian constituency, the demand for it was strong, and Tuscany was eager to choose deputies who might perhaps have to decree the extinguishing of the archduchy. Montanelli shared this eagerness, but Guerrazzi fairly and boldly met it as a difficulty between sovereign and people. His concession that there should be nothing said or done by Tuscany in prejudice of Rome, even satisfied the Archduke; who gave way to the popular demand. Thereupon the people hurried off as usual to amuse themselves with a *Te Deum*, of which the archbishop was determined that for once they should be disappointed. They found the vast church empty, the lights out, and the altars stripped. The archbishop had left his palace, and no priest was to be found. Nobody then remembered that Radetzky was not beaten.

"Royal highness," wrote that general in February, 'forty-nine, to Archduke Leopold, "according to precise orders received from the imperial government and from the emperor our sovereign, it is gratifying to me to signify to your imperial highness, that if you will in all things, and through all things, conform to what has been already announced to your highness by the Aulic government, your highness need only abandon your states on terra firma and place yourself in safety at San Stefano; and I, as soon as I have subdued the demagogues of Sardinia, will fly to your aid with thirty thousand of my brave troops, and will replace you on the throne of your ancestors. If the courier, who will give this present letter into your own hands, brings back no answer, I shall consider the affair as arranged." When this letter arrived, the Archduke had already retired to Sienna, where he was seen in bed, professing to be detained by sickness, when messengers from his ministry urged his return to Florence. Montanelli went to reside near him, and his illness was believed in. One morning Montanelli found his serene highness up and well, and in very good humour. To the question whether he had signed the law for the assemblage of the Constituency, the Archduke answered that he had hitherto been too unwell, but that he would now do so without

further delay. He wanted, however, to get a little fresh air. Not even a servant knew that the airing he then went for, was that prescribed by Radetzky. He went to San Stefano.

When tidings of this journey reached Florence, the Chambers met, and were invaded by the populace declaring their unfaithful sovereign deposed, the Chambers dissolved, and citizens Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Manzoni a provisional triumvirate. Then again Guerrazzi by his eloquence softened the tumult and maintained the Chambers with a semblance of some constitutional authority. But when somebody proposed that the provisional government should be administered in the name of Leopold the Second, Guerrazzi, interrupting him with much impetuosity, declared that "he had served the prince with sincerity and fidelity, but that he had found him disloyal and untrustworthy; and that he should be lying to himself and to the public if he did not seize the opportunity of declaring that he now intended to govern solely in the name of the people." So the people dragged a huge tree into the piazza; Guerrazzi alone hindered them from setting it up as a thing of evil omen called a Tree of Liberty. The owners, drivers, ostlers and others, connected with horse traffic between Florence and Empoli, broke up the rails and burnt the railway station at Empoli; arms were to be given to good men and true; upon which there was a rush of rascals claiming to be good and true, by whom the arms were scrambled for.

On the twenty-third of March, in the year 'forty-nine, Charles Albert lost the battle of Novara. The Austrian power became absolute again, but a great part of Italy, and in it Tuscany, hardly observant of the loss, was still busy about the establishment of republican and constitutional ideas. All was lost for a season, and Charles Albert's heart was broken; but had not Mazzini come to make speeches in Florence? He demanded instant declaration of the republic, and fusion with that of Rome. Lawful representatives of the country, not a street populace, ought to decide concerning that, Guerrazzi urged. Mazzini replied that it was necessary not to persuade, but to impose the republic on people who did not know and could not understand its advantages. "But," urged Guerrazzi, "thus we do not reach our end; thus we arrive at bloodshed." "So much the better," cried Mazzini; "by blood so shed, the republic is solidified and sanctified." "Well, then," Guerrazzi proposed, "give me two thousand well-armed and tried men, and I will proclaim the Republic." "Two thousand!" shouted the mob, "ten, thirty thousand, if you want them!" The lists, accordingly, were opened for enrolment; every volunteer was cheered as he came up; but some two or three hundred names were all that could be got, and the postponement of the Red Republic was permitted. The heartiest patriots, who yielded heroes to the field at Curtatone, held aloof from the excesses of this period, and had returned to their old quietness.

Guerrazzi, made at last Dictator, though the

trust put by moderate men in his moderation caused him to be looked upon with jealousy by those he led, found that he could not man Florence with troops unless he brought them from Leghorn. These rough and ragged soldiers from a rival municipality offended the populace of Florence. The ill-will rose to its height, and when, too late, the Dictator marched the Livornese away, stones were thrown, shots fired, a deadly strife began. The Livornese were hunted down and killed. That was the last day of rule for the republicans in Florence.

The mild Tuscans having slept upon this deed, were shocked beyond measure. The agitators, whether enthusiasts or Austrian fomenters of discord, kept within doors. The people, with the old Italian instinct, though they had a Parliament, turned to their municipality for help. The reactionists, early in the morning, had let the peasants into Florence by threes and by fours, and raised from a low murmur the cry of Death to Guerrazzi! That leader was trapped into prison, and his throne was offered back to the Grand-Duke. Then followed *Te Deum* singing, and the archbishop, this time, was so far from hiding himself, that he uncovered for that particular occasion an ancient picture of the Madonna that worked miracles whenever it saw daylight. To the archduke, who had now run away to Gaeta, it was said, "You will restore your constitutional throne, surrounded by popular institutions, as you wished it to be." He assented by proclamation, and so came back with the Austrians, who crept forward, none fairly knew how, from city to city. They disbanded, by their own authority, the national guard established by a fundamental statute which the sovereign had recognised and sanctioned. "Every form of liberty," observes Mr. Trollope, "was repressed and suppressed by those who protested the while their intentions to observe them all." The Constitution was abolished formally. An Austrian marshal at Verona exercised sovereign rights over the Tuscans. Austrian commandants punished ordinary civil crimes by military law. Tuscan citizens, even in Florence, were flogged by the order of an Austrian soldier. Police were fetched from Naples. Relatives of those who fell at Curtatone were shot at the altar when they carried garlands to the tombs upon the anniversary of that day, but in the same church were celebrated anniversaries of Austrian triumphs. Details of such things were recorded in a document on "Tuscany and Austria," which my Lord Normanby has pronounced very reasonable but very tedious; and upon which Mr. Trollope shrewdly remarks that "a long, long bill, rigidly scored up, every one of the numerous articles in which must be paid for, is, it must be owned, a very tedious document to the debtor when the day of reckoning has come."

Italy has, in fact, now been taught by her enemies what is the first necessity of life with her—Out with the Austrian! For the last ten years, she has been taking to heart the lesson of

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her own vague efforts and excesses. There is no tumult now, there is no faith now in wild theories, there is no hope built upon the quicksand of the popedom. Never before, perhaps, has any nation watched events so wisely, and received so nobly a lesson learnt from folly and disaster. The experience which some nations have not acquired in centuries, seems now to have been acquired by Italy in ten years of extreme adversity. The contrast is presented thoroughly in Mr. Trollope's book; which dwells only upon Tuscany, but has an outlook over the whole stream of Italian history during the last dozen years.

LOIS THE WITCH.

PART THE SECOND.

It was hard up-hill work for Lois to win herself a place in this family. Her aunt was a woman of narrow, strong affections. Her love for her husband, if ever she had had any, was burnt out and dead long ago. What she did for him she did from duty; but duty was not strong enough to restrain that little member the tongue; and Lois's heart often bled at the continual flow of contemptuous reproof which Grace constantly addressed to her husband, even while she was sparing no pains or trouble to minister to his bodily ease and comfort. It was more as a relief to herself that she spoke in this way than with any desire that her speeches should affect him; and he was too deadened by illness to feel hurt by them; or, it may be, the constant repetition of her sarcasms had made him indifferent; at any rate, so that he had his food and his state of bodily warmth attended to, he very seldom seemed to care much for anything else. Even his first flow of affection towards Lois was soon exhausted; he cared for her because she arranged his pillows well and skilfully, and because she could prepare new and dainty kinds of food for his sick appetite, but no longer for her as his dead sister's child. Still he did care for her, and Lois was too glad of this little hoard of affection to examine how or why it was given. To him she could give pleasure, but apparently to no one else in that household. Her aunt looked askance at her for many reasons; the first coming of Lois to Salem was inopportune, the expression of disapprobation on her face on that evening still lingered and rankled in Grace's memory; early prejudices, and feelings, and prepossessions of the English girl were all on the side of what would now be called Church and State, what was then esteemed in that country a superstitious observance of the directions of a Papish rabble, and a servile regard for the family of an oppressing and irreligious king. Nor is it to be supposed that Lois did not feel, and feel acutely, the want of sympathy that all those with whom she was now living manifested towards the old hereditary loyalty (religious as well as political loyalty) in which she had been brought up. With her aunt and Manasseh it was more than want of sympathy; it was positive, active antipathy to all the ideas Lois held most dear. The very allu-

sion, however incidentally made, to the little old grey church at Barford, where her father had preached so long, the occasional reference to the troubles in which her own country had been distracted when she left, and the adherence, in which she had been brought up, to the notion that the king could do no wrong, seemed to irritate Manasseh past endurance. He would get up from his reading, his constant employment when at home, and walk angrily about the room after Lois had said anything of this kind, muttering to himself, and once he had even stopped before her, and in a passionate tone bade her not talk so like a fool. Now all this was very different to his mother's sarcastic, contemptuous way of treating all poor Lois's little loyal speeches. Grace would lead her on—at least she did at first, till experience made Lois wiser—to express her thoughts on such subjects, till, just when the girl's heart was opening, her aunt would turn round upon her with some bitter sneer that roused all the evil feelings in Lois's disposition by its sting. Now Manasseh seemed, through all his anger, to be so really grieved by what he considered her error, that he went much nearer to convincing her that there might be two sides to a question. Only this was a view that it was like treachery to her dead father's memory to entertain.

Somehow Lois felt instinctively that Manasseh was really friendly towards her. He was little in the house; there was farming, and some kind of mercantile business to be transacted by him, as real head of the house; and as the season drew on, he went shooting and hunting in the surrounding forests with a daring which caused his mother to warn and reprove him in private, although to the neighbours she boasted largely of her son's courage and disregard of danger. Lois did not often walk out for the mere sake of walking, there was generally some household errand to be transacted when any of the women of the family went out; but once or twice she had caught glimpses of the dreary, dark wood, hemming in the cleared land on all sides, the great wood with its perpetual movement of branch and bough, and its solemn wail, that came into the very streets of Salem when certain winds blew, bearing the sound of the pine-trees clear upon the ears that had leisure to listen. And from all accounts, this old forest, girdling round the settlement, was full of dreaded and mysterious beasts, and still more to be dreaded Indians, stealing in and out among the shadows, intent on bloody schemes against the Christian people; panther-streaked, shaven Indians, in league, by their own confession as well as by the popular belief, with evil powers.

Nattee, the old Indian servant, would occasionally make Lois's blood run cold as she and Faith and Prudence listened to the wild stories she told them of the wizards of her race. It was often in the kitchen, in the darkening evening, while some cooking process was going on, that the old Indian crone, sitting on her haunches by the bright red wood embers which sent up no flame, but a lurid light reversing the shadows of

all the faces around, told her weird stories while they were awaiting the rising of the dough, perchance, out of which the household bread had to be made. There ran through them always a ghastly, unexpressed suggestion of some human sacrifice being needed to complete the success of any incantation to the Evil One; and the poor old creature, herself believing and shuddering as she narrated her tale in broken English, took a strange, unconscious pleasure in her power over her hearers—young girls of the oppressing race, which had brought her down into a state little differing from slavery, and reduced her people to outcasts on the hunting-grounds which had belonged to her ancestors.

After such tales it required no small effort on Lois's part to go out at her aunt's command into the common pasture round the town and bring the cattle home at night. Who knew but what the double-headed snake might start up from each blackberry-bush—that wicked, cunning, accursed creature in the service of the Indian wizards, that had such power over all those white maidens who met the eyes placed at either end of his long, sinuous, creeping body, so that, loathe him, loathe the Indian race as they would, off they must go into the forest to seek out some Indian man, and must beg to be taken into his wigwam, abjuring faith and race for ever? Or there were spells—so Nattee said—hidden about the ground by the wizards, which changed that person's nature who found them; that, gentle and loving as they might have been before, thereafter they took no pleasure but in the cruel torments of others, and had a strange power given to them of causing such torments at their will. Once Nattee, speaking low to Lois, who was alone with her in the kitchen, whispered out her terrified belief that such a spell had Prudence found; and when the Indian showed her arms to Lois, all pinched black and blue by the impish child, the English girl began to be afraid of her cousin as of one possessed. But it was not Nattee alone, nor young imaginative girls alone, that believed in these stories. We can afford to smile at them now; but our English ancestors entertained superstitions of much the same character at the same period, and with less excuse, as the circumstances surrounding them were better known, and consequently more explicable by common sense than the real mysteries of the deep, untrodden forests of New England. The gravest divines not only believed stories similar to that of the double-headed serpent, and other tales of witchcraft, but they made such narrations the subjects of preaching and prayer; and as cowardice makes us all cruel, men who were blameless in many of their relations of life, and even praiseworthy in some, became, from superstition, cruel persecutors about this time, showing no mercy towards any one whom they believed to be in league with the Evil One.

Faith was the person with whom the English girl was the most intimately associated in her uncle's house. The two were about the same age, and certain household employments were shared between them. They took it in turns to

call in the cows, to make up the butter which had been churned by Hosea, a stiff old out-door servant, in whom Grace Hickson placed great confidence; and each lassie had her great spinning-wheel for wool, and her lesser for flax, before a month had elapsed after Lois's coming. Faith was a grave, silent person, never merry, sometimes very sad, though Lois was a long time in even guessing why. She would try in her sweet, simple fashion to cheer her cousin up, when the latter was depressed, by telling her old stories of English ways and life. Occasionally, Faith seemed to care to listen, occasionally she did not heed one word, but dreamed on. Whether of the past or of the future, who could tell?

Stern old ministers came in to pay their pastoral visits. On such occasions Grace Hickson would put on clean apron and clean cap, and make them more welcome than she was ever seen to do any one else, bringing out the best provisions of her store, and setting of all before them. Also, the great Bible was brought forth, and Hosea and Nattee summoned from their work to listen while the minister read a chapter, and, as he read, expounded it at considerable length. After this all knelt, while he, standing, lifted up his right hand, and prayed for all possible combinations of Christian men, for all possible cases of spiritual need; and lastly, taking the individuals before him, he would put up a very personal supplication for each, according to his notion of their wants. At first Lois wondered at the aptitude of one or two of his prayers of this description to the outward circumstances of each case; but when she perceived that her aunt had usually a pretty long confidential conversation with the minister in the early part of his visit, she became aware that he received both his impressions and his knowledge through the medium of "that godly woman, Grace Hickson;" and I am afraid she paid less regard to the prayer "for the maiden from another land, who hath brought the errors of that land as a seed with her, even across the great ocean, and who is letting even now the little seed shoot up into an evil tree, in which all unclean creatures may find shelter."

"I like the prayers of our Church better," said Lois, one day to Faith. "No clergyman in England can pray his own words, and therefore it is that he cannot judge of others so as to fit his prayers to what he esteems to be their case, as Mr. Tappau did this morning."

"I hate Mr. Tappau," said Faith, shortly, a passionate flash of light coming out of her dark, heavy eyes.

"Why so, cousin? It seems to me as if he were a good man, although I like not his prayers."

Faith only repeated her words, "I hate him."

Lois was sorry for this strong bad feeling; instinctively sorry, for she was loving herself, delighted in being loved, and felt a jar run through her at every sign of want of love in others. But she did not know what to say, and was silent at the time. Faith, too, went on turning her wheel with vehemence, but spoke never a word until her thread snapped, and

then she pushed the wheel away hastily and left the room.

Then Prudence crept softly up to Lois's side. This strange child seemed to be tossed about by varying moods: to-day she was caressing and communicative, to-morrow she might be deceitful, mocking, and so indifferent to the pain or sorrows of others that you could call her almost indignant.

"So thou dost not like Pastor Tappau's prayers?" she whispered.

Lois was sorry to have been overheard, but she neither would nor could take back her words:

"I like them not so well as the prayers I used to hear at home."

"Mother says thy home was with the ungodly. Nay, don't look at me so—it was not I that said it. I'm none so fond of praying myself, nor of Pastor Tappau for that matter. But Faith cannot abide him, and I know why. Shall I tell thee, cousin Lois?"

"No! Faith did not tell me, and she was the right person to give her own reasons."

"Ask her where young Mr. Nolan is gone to, and thou wilt hear. I have seen Faith cry by the hour together about Mr. Nolan."

"Hush, child, hush!" said Lois, for she heard Faith's approaching step, and feared lest she should overhear what they were saying.

The truth was that a year or two before there had been a great struggle in Salem village, a great division in the religious body, and Pastor Tappau had been the leader of the more violent, and, ultimately, the successful party. In consequence of this, the less popular minister, Mr. Nolan, had had to leave the place. And him Faith Hickson loved with all the strength of her passionate heart, although he never was aware of the attachment he had excited, and her own family were too regardless of manifestations of mere feeling to ever observe the signs of any emotion on Faith's part. But the old Indian servant Nattee saw and observed them all. She knew, as well as if she had been told the reason, why Faith had lost all care about father or mother, brother and sister, about household work and daily occupation, nay, about the observances of religion as well. Nattee read the meaning of the deep smouldering of Faith's dislike to Pastor Tappau aright; the Indian woman understood why the girl (whom alone of all the white people she loved) avoided the old minister, would hide in the wood-stack sooner than be called in to listen to his exhortations and prayers. With savage, untutored people, it is not "Love me, love my dog," they are often jealous of the creature beloved; but it is, "Whom thou hatest I will hate;" and Nattee's feeling towards Pastor Tappau was even an exaggeration of the mute, unspoken hatred of Faith.

For a long time the cause of her cousin's dislike and avoidance of the minister was a mystery to Lois; but the name of Nolan remained in her memory whether she would or no, and it was more from girlish interest in a suspected love affair than from any indifferent and heart-

less curiosity that she could not help piecing together little speeches and actions, with Faith's interest in the absent banished minister for an explanatory clue, till not a doubt remained in her mind. And this without any further communication with Prudence, for Lois declined hearing any more on the subject from her, and so gave deep offence. Faith grew sadder and duller as the autumn drew on. She lost her appetite, her brown complexion became sallow and colourless, her dark eyes looked hollow and wild. The 1st of November was near at hand; Lois, in her instinctive, well-intentioned efforts to bring some life and cheerfulness into the monotonous household, had been telling Faith of many English customs, silly enough, no doubt, and which scarcely lighted up a flicker of interest in the American girl's mind. The cousins were lying awake in their bed in the great unplastered room, which was in part store-room, in part bedroom. Lois was full of sympathy for Faith that night. For long she had listened to her cousin's heavy, irrepressible sighs in silence. Faith sighed because her grief was of too old a date for violent emotion or crying. Lois listened without speaking in the dark, quiet night hours, for a long, long time. She kept quite still because she thought such vent for sorrow might relieve her cousin's weary heart. But when at length, instead of lying motionless, Faith seemed to be growing restless even to convulsive motions of her limbs, Lois began to speak, to talk about England, and the dear old ways at home, without exciting much attention on Faith's part, until at length she fell upon the subject of Hallow E'en, and told about customs then and long afterwards practised in England, and scarcely yet died out in Scotland. As she told of tricks she had often played, of the apple eaten facing a mirror, of the dripping sheet, of the basins of water, of the nuts burning side by side, and many other such innocent ways of divination by which laughing, trembling English maidens sought to see the form of their future husbands, if husbands they were to have, then Faith listened breathlessly, asking short, eager questions, as if some ray of hope had entered into her gloomy heart. Lois went on speaking, telling her of all the stories that would confirm the truth of the second sight vouchsafed to all seekers in the accustomed methods, half believing, half incredulous herself, but desiring, above all things, to cheer up poor Faith.

Suddenly Prudence rose up from her truckle-bed in the dim corner of the room. They had not thought that she was awake, but she had been listening long.

"Cousin Lois may go out and meet Satan by the brook-side if she will, but if thou goest, Faith, I will tell mother—ay, and I will tell Pastor Tappau, too. Hold thy stories, Cousin Lois, I am afraid of my very life. I would rather never be wed at all than feel the touch of the creature that would take the apple out of my hand as I held it over my left shoulder." The excited girl gave a loud scream of terror at the image her fancy had conjured up. Faith

and Lois sprang out towards her, flying across the moonlit room in their white nightgowns. At the same instant summoned by the same cry, Grace Hickson came to her child.

"Hush! hush!" said Faith, authoritatively.

"What is it, my wench?" asked Grace. While Lois, feeling as if she had done all the mischief, kept silence.

"Take her away, take her away!" screamed Prudence. "Look over her shoulder—her left shoulder—the Evil One is there now, I see him stretching over for the half-bitten apple."

"What is this she says?" said Grace, audaciously.

"She is dreaming," said Faith; "Prudence, hold thy tongue." And she pinched the child severely, while Lois more tenderly tried to soothe the alarms she felt that she had conjured up.

"Be quiet, Prudence," said she, "and go to sleep. I will stay by thee till thou hast gone off into slumber."

"No, no! go away," sobbed Prudence, who was really terrified at first, but was now assuming more alarm than she felt from the pleasure she received at perceiving herself the centre of attention. "Faith shall stay by me, not you, wicked English witch."

So Faith sat by her sister, and Grace, displeased and perplexed, withdrew to her own bed, purposing to inquire more into the matter in the morning. Lois only hoped it might all be forgotten by morning, and resolved never to talk again of such things. But an event happened in the remaining hours of the night to change the current of affairs. While Grace had been absent from her room her husband had had another paralytic stroke: whether he, too, had been alarmed by that eldritch scream no one could ever know. By the faint light of the rush-candle burning at the bedside his wife perceived that a great change had taken place in his aspect on her return: the irregular breathing came almost like snorts—the end was drawing near. The family were roused, and all help given that either the doctor or experience could suggest. But before the late November morning light all was ended for Ralph Hickson.

The whole of the ensuing day they sat or moved in darkened rooms, and spoke few words, and those below their breath. Manasseh kept at home, regretting his father, no doubt, but showing but little emotion. Faith was the child that bewailed her loss most grievously; she had a warm heart, hidden away somewhere under her moody exterior, and her father had shown her far more passive kindness than ever her mother had done, for Grace made distinct favourites of Manasseh, her only son, and Prudence, her youngest child. Lois was about as unhappy as any of them, for she had felt strongly drawn towards her uncle as her kindest friend, and the sense of his loss renewed the old sorrow she had experienced at her own parents' death. But she had no time and no place to cry in. On her devolved many of the cares which it would have seemed indecorous in the nearer relatives to interest themselves in enough

to take an active part: the change required in their dress, the household preparations for the sad feast of the funeral—Lois had to arrange all under her aunt's stern direction.

But a day or two afterwards—the last day before the funeral—she went into the yard to fetch in some fagots for the oven; it was a solemn, beautiful, starlit evening, and some sudden sense of desolation in the midst of the vast universe thus revealed touched Lois's heart, and she sat down behind the woodstack, and cried very plentiful tears.

She was startled by Manasseh, who suddenly turned the corner of the stack, and stood before her.

"Lois crying!"

"Only a little," she said, rising up, and gathering her bundle of fagots, for she dreaded being questioned by her grim, impassive cousin. To her surprise, he laid his hand on her arm, and said:

"Stop one minute. Why art thou crying, cousin?"

"I don't know," she said, just like a child questioned in like manner; and she was again on the point of weeping.

"My father was very kind to thee, Lois; I do not wonder that thou grievest after him. But the Lord who takes away can restore tenfold. I will be as kind as my father—yes, kinder. This is not a time to talk of marriage and giving in marriage. But after we have buried our dead I wish to speak to thee."

Lois did not cry now, but she shrank with affright. What did her cousin mean? She would far rather that he had been angry with her for unreasonable grieving, for folly.

She avoided him carefully—as carefully as she could, without seeming to dread him—for the next few days. Sometimes she thought it must have been a bad dream; for if there had been no English lover in the case, no other man in the whole world, she could never have thought of Manasseh as her husband; indeed, till now, there had been nothing in his words or actions to suggest such an idea. Now it had been suggested there was no telling how much she loathed him. He might be good, and pious—he doubtless was—but his dark, fixed eyes, moving so slowly and heavily, his lank black hair, his grey coarse skin, all made her dislike him now—all his personal ugliness and ungainliness struck on her senses with a jar since those few words spoken behind the haystack.

She knew that sooner or later the time must come for further discussion of this subject; but, like a coward, she tried to put it off, by clinging to her aunt's apron-string, for she was sure that Grace Hickson had far different views for her only son. As, indeed, she had, for she was an ambitious, as well as a religious, woman; and by an early purchase of land in Salem village the Hicksons had become wealthy people, without any great exertions of their own; partly, also, by the silent process of accumulation, for they had never cared to change their manner of living from the time when it

had been suitable to a far smaller income than that which they at present enjoyed. So much for worldly circumstances. As for their worldly character, it stood as high. No one could say a word against any of their habits or actions. Their righteousness and godliness was patent in every one's eyes. So Grace Hickson thought herself entitled to pick and choose among the maidens before she should meet with one fitted to be Manasseh's wife. None in Salem came up to her imaginary standard. She had it in her mind even at this very time—so soon after her husband's death—to go to Boston, and take counsel with the leading ministers there, with worthy Mr Cotton Mather at their head, if they could tell her of a well-favoured and godly young maiden in their congregations worthy of being the wife of her son. But, besides good looks and godliness, the wench must have good birth, and good wealth, or Grace Hickson would have put her contemptuously on one side. When once this paragon was found, and the ministers had approved, Grace anticipated no difficulty on her son's part. So Lois was right in feeling that her aunt would dislike any speech of marriage between Manasseh and herself.

But the girl was brought to bay one day in this wise. Manasseh had ridden forth on some business, which every one said would occupy him the whole day; but, meeting with the man with whom he had to transact his affairs, he returned earlier than any one expected. He missed Lois from the keeping-room where his sisters were spinning, almost immediately. His mother sat by at her knitting—he could see Nattee in the kitchen through the open door. He was too reserved to ask where Lois was, but he quietly sought till he found her—in the great loft, already piled with winter stores of fruit and vegetables. Her aunt had sent her there to examine the apples one by one, and pick out such as were unsound for immediate use. She was stooping down, and intent upon this work, and was hardly aware of his approach, until she lifted up her head and saw him standing close before her. She dropped the apple she was holding, went a little paler than her wont, and faced him in silence.

"Lois," he said, "thou rememberest the words that I spoke while we yet mourned over my father. I think that I am called to marriage now, as the head of this household. And I have seen no maiden so pleasant in my sight as thou art, Lois!" He tried to take her hand.

But she put it behind her with a childish shake of her head, and, half crying, said:

"Please, Cousin Manasseh, do not say this to me. I dare say you ought to be married, being the head of the household now; but I don't want to be married. I would rather not."

"That is well-spoken," replied he, frowning a little, nevertheless. "I should not like to take to wife an over-forward maiden, ready to jump at wedlock. Besides, the congregation might talk if we were to be married too soon after my father's death. We have, perchance, said enough, even now. But I wished thee to

have thy mind set at ease as to thy future well-doing. Thou wilt have leisure to think of it, and to bring thy mind more fully round to it." Again he held out his hand. This time she took hold of it with a free, frank gesture.

"I owe you somewhat for your kindness to me ever since I came, Cousin Manasseh; and I have no way of paying you but by telling you truly I can love you as a dear friend, if you will let me, but never as a wife."

He flung her hand away, but did not take his eyes off her face, though his glance was lowering and gloomy. He muttered something which she did not quite hear, and so she went on bravely, although she kept trembling a little, and had much ado to keep from crying.

"Please let me tell you all. There was a young man in Barford—nay, Manasseh, I cannot speak if you are so angry; it is hard work to tell you any how—he said that he wanted to marry me; but I was poor, and his father would have none of it, and I do not want to marry any one; but if I did, it would be——" Her voice dropped, and her blushes told the rest. Manasseh stood looking at her with sullen, hollow eyes, that had a gathering touch of wildness in them, and then he said:

"It is borne in upon me—verily I see it as in a vision—that thou must be my spouse, and no other man's. Thou canst not escape what is foredoomed. Months ago, when I set myself to read the old godly books in which my soul used to delight until thy coming, I saw no letters of printer's ink marked on the page, but I saw a gold and ruddy type of some unknown language, the meaning whereof was whispered into my soul; it was, 'Marry Lois! marry Lois!' And when my father died I knew it was the beginning of the end. It is the Lord's will, Lois, and thou canst not escape from it." And again he would have taken her hand and drawn her towards him. But this time she eluded him with ready movement.

"I do not acknowledge it to be the Lord's will, Manasseh," said she. "It is not 'borne in upon me,' as you Puritans call it, that I am to be your wife. I am none so set upon wedlock as to take you, even though there be no other chance for me. For I do not care for you as I ought to care for my husband. But I could have cared for you very much as a cousin—as a kind cousin."

She stopped speaking; she could not choose the right words with which to speak to him of her gratitude and friendliness, which yet could never be any feeling nearer and dearer, no more than two parallel lines can ever meet.

But he was so convinced by what he considered the spirit of prophecy that Lois was to be his wife, that he felt rather more indignant at what he considered to be her resistance to the preordained decree, than really anxious as to the result. Again he tried to convince her that neither he nor she had any choice in the matter, by saying:

"The voice said unto me 'Marry Lois,' and I said, 'I will, Lord.'"

"But," Lois replied, "the voice, as you call it, has never spoken such a word to me."

"Lois," he answered, solemnly, "it will speak. And then wilt thou obey, even as Samuel did?"

"No; indeed I cannot!" she answered, briskly. "I may take a dream to be truth, and hear my own fancies, if I think about them too long. But I cannot marry any one from obedience."

"Lois, Lois, thou art as yet unregenerate; but I have seen thee in a vision as one of the elect, robed in white. As yet thy faith is too weak for thee to obey meekly, but it shall not always be so. I will pray that thou mayest see thy preordained course. Meanwhile, I will smoothe away all worldly obstacles."

"Cousin Manasseh! Cousin Manasseh!" cried Lois after him, as he was leaving the room, "come back. I cannot put it in strong enough words. Manasseh, there is no power in heaven or earth that can make me love thee enough to marry thee, or to wed thee without such love. And this I say solemnly, because it is better that this should end at once."

For a moment he was staggered; then he lifted up his hands, and said,

"God forgive thee thy blasphemy. Remember Hazael, who said, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do such things?' and went straight and did them, because his evil courses were fixed and appointed for him before the foundation of the world. And shall not thy paths be laid out among the godly as it hath been foretold to me?"

He went away, and for a minute or two Lois felt as if his words must come true, and that, struggle as she would, hate her doom as she would, she must become his wife; and, under the circumstances, many a girl would have succumbed to her apparent fate. Isolated from all previous connexions, hearing no word from England, living in the heavy, monotonous routine of a family with one man for head, and this man being esteemed a hero by most of those around him, simply because he was the only man in the family,—these facts alone would have formed strong presumptions that most girls would have yielded to the offers of such a one. But, besides this, there was much to tell upon the imagination in those days, that place, and time. It was prevalently believed that there were manifestations of spiritual influence—of the direct influence both of good and bad spirits—constantly to be perceived in the direct course of men's lives. Lots were drawn, as guidance from the Lord; the Bible was opened, and the leaves allowed to fall apart, and the first text the eye fell upon was supposed to be appointed from above as a direction. Sounds were heard that could not be accounted for; they were made by the evil spirits not yet banished from the desert places of which they had so long held possession; sights inexplicable and mysterious were dimly seen—Satan, in some shape, seeking whom he might devour. And at the beginning of the long winter season such whispered tales, such old temptations and hauntings, and devilish

terrors, were supposed to be peculiarly rife. Salem was, as it were, showed up, and left to prey upon itself. The long, dark evenings, the dimly lighted rooms, the creaking passages, where heterogeneous articles were piled away out of reach of the keen-piercing frost, and where occasionally, in the dead of night, a sound was heard, as of some heavy falling body, when, next morning, everything appeared to be in its right place—so accustomed are we to measure noises by comparison with themselves, and not with the absolute stillness of the night-season—the white mist, coming nearer and nearer to the windows every evening in strange shapes, like phantoms,—all these, and many other circumstances, such as the distant fall of mighty trees in the mysterious forests girdling them round, the faint whoop and cry of some Indian seeking his camp, and unwittingly nearer to the white men's settlement than either he or they would have liked could they have chosen, the hungry yells of the wild beasts drawing near to the cattle pens, these were the things which made that winter life in Salem, in the memorable time of 1691-2, seem strange, and haunted, and terrific to many; peculiarly weird and awful to the English girl in her first year's sojourn in America.

And now imagine Lois worked upon perpetually by Manasseh's conviction that it was decreed that she should be his wife, and you will see that she was not without courage and spirit to resist as she did, steadily, firmly, and yet sweetly. Take one instance of the man, when her nerves were subjected to a shock, slight in relation it is true, but then remember that she had been all day, and for many days, shut up in doors, in a dull light, that at mid-day was almost dark with a long-continued snow-storm. Evening was coming on, and the wood fire was more cheerful than any of the human beings surrounding it; the monotonous whirr of the smaller spinning-wheels had been going on all day, and the store of flax down stairs was nearly exhausted, when Grace Hickson bade Lois fetch down some more from the store-room, before the light so entirely waned away that it could not be found without a candle, and a candle it would be dangerous to carry into that apartment full of combustible materials, especially at this time of hard frost, when every drop of water was locked up and bound in icy hardness. So Lois went, half-shrinking from the long passage that led to the stairs leading up into the store-room, for it was in this passage that the strange night sounds were heard which every one had begun to notice, and speak about in lowered tones. She sang, however, as she went, "to keep her courage up"—sang, however, in a subdued voice, the evening hymn she had so often sung in Barford church—

Glory to Thee, my God, this night—
and so it was, I suppose, that she never heard the breathing or motion of any creature near her till just as she was loading herself with flax to carry down she heard some one—it was Manasseh—say close to her ears:

"Has the voice spoken yet? Speak, Lois!

Has the voice spoken yet to thee—that speakest to me day and night, 'Marry Lois?'"

She started and turned a little sick, but spoke almost directly in a brave, clear manner:

"No! cousin Manasseh. And it never will."

"Then I must wait yet longer," he replied, hoarsely, as if to himself. "But all submission—all submission."

At last a break came upon the monotony of the long, dark winter. The parishioners once more raised the discussion of whether—the parish extending as it did—it was not absolutely necessary for Pastor Tappau to have help. This question had been mooted once before; and then Pastor Tappau had acquiesced in the necessity, and all had gone on smoothly for some months after the appointment of his assistant, until a feeling had sprung up on the part of the elder minister, which might have been called jealousy of the younger, if so godly a man as Pastor Tappau could have been supposed to entertain so evil a passion. However that might be, two parties were speedily formed, the younger and more ardent being in favour of Mr. Nolan, the elder and more persistent—and, at the time, the more numerous—clinging to the old grey-headed, dogmatic Mr. Tappau, who had married them, baptised their children, and was to them literally as a "pillar of the church." So Mr. Nolan left Salem, carrying away with him, possibly, more hearts than that of Faith Hickson's; but certainly she had never been the same creature since.

But now—Christmas, 1691—one or two of the older members of the congregation being dead, and some who were younger men having come to settle in Salem—Mr. Tappau being also older, and, some charitably supposed, wiser—a fresh effort had been made, and Mr. Nolan was returning to labour in ground apparently smoothed over. Lois had taken a keen interest in all the proceedings for Faith's sake, far more than the latter did for herself, as any spectator would have said. Faith's wheel never went faster or slower, her thread never broke, her colour never came, her eyes were never uplifted with sudden interest all the time these discussions respecting Mr. Nolan's return were going on. But Lois, after the hint given by Prudence, had found a clue to many a sigh and look of despairing sorrow, even without the help of Nattee's improvised songs, in which, under strange allegories, the helpless love of her favourite was told to ears heedless of all meaning, with the exception of those of the tender-hearted and sympathetic Lois. Occasionally she heard a strange chant of the old Indian woman's—half in her own language, half in broken English—droned over some simmering pipkin, from which the smell was, to say the least, unearthly. Once, on perceiving this odour in the keeping-room, Grace Hickson suddenly exclaimed,

"Nattee is at her heathen ways again; we shall have some mischief unless she is stayed."

But Faith, moving quicker than ordinary, said something about putting a stop to it, and so forestalled her mother's evident intention of

going into the kitchen. Faith shut the door between the two rooms, and entered upon some remonstrance with Nattee; but no one could hear the words used. Faith and Nattee seemed more bound together by love and common interest than any other two among the self-contained individuals comprising this household. Lois sometimes felt as if her presence as a third interrupted some confidential talk between her cousin and the old servant. And yet she was fond of Faith, and could almost think that Faith liked her more than she did either mother, brother or sister; for the first two were indifferent as to any unspoken feelings, while Prudence delighted in discovering them only to make an amusement to herself out of them.

One day Lois was sitting by herself at her sewing-table, while Faith and Nattee were holding one of the secret conclaves from which Lois felt herself to be tacitly excluded, when the outer door opened, and a tall, pale young man, in the strict professional habit of a minister, entered. Lois sprang up with a smile and a look of welcome for Faith's sake, for this must be the Mr. Nolan whose name had been on the tongue of every one for days, and who was, as Lois knew, expected to arrive on the day before.

He seemed half surprised at the glad alacrity with which he was received by this stranger: possibly he had not heard of the English girl, who was an inmate in the house where formerly he had only seen grave, solemn, rigid, or heavy faces, and had been received with a stiff form of welcome, very different from the blushing, smiling, dimpled looks that innocently met him with the greeting almost of an old acquaintance. Lois having placed a chair for him, hastened out to call Faith, never doubting but that the feeling which her cousin entertained for the young pastor was mutual, although it might be unrecognised in its full depth by either.

"Faith!" said she, bright and breathless. "Guess—No," checking herself to an assumed unconsciousness of any particular importance likely to be affixed to her words, "Mr. Nolan, the new pastor, is in the keeping-room. He has asked for my aunt and Manasseh. My aunt is gone to the prayer-meeting at Pastor Tappau's, and Manasseh is away." Lois went on speaking to give Faith time, for the girl had become deadly white at the intelligence, while, at the same time, her eyes met the keen, cunning eyes of the old Indian with a peculiar look of half-wondering awe, while Nattee's looks expressed triumphant satisfaction.

"Go," said Lois, smoothing Faith's hair, and kissing the white, cold cheek, "or he will wonder why no one comes to see him, and perhaps think he is not welcome." Faith went without another word into the keeping-room, and shut the door of communication. Nattee and Lois were left together. Lois felt as happy as if some piece of good fortune had befallen herself. For the time her growing dread of Manasseh's wild, ominous persistence in his suit, her aunt's coldness, her own loneliness, were all forgotten, and she could almost have danced with joy.

Nattee laughed aloud, and talked and chuckled to herself: "Old Indian woman great mystery. Old Indian woman sent hither and thither; go where she is told, where she hears with her ears. But old Indian woman"—and here she drew herself up, and the expression of her face quite changed—"know how to call, and then white man must come; and old Indian have spoken never a word, and white man have hear nothing with his ears." So the old crone muttered.

All this time things were going on very differently in the keeping-room to what Lois imagined. Faith sat stiller even than usual; her eyes downcast, her words few. A quick observer might have noticed a certain tremulousness about her hands, and an occasional twitching throughout all her frame. But Pastor Nolan was not a keen observer upon this occasion; he was absorbed with his own little wonders and perplexities. His wonder was that of a carnal man—who that pretty stranger might be, who had seemed, on his first coming, so glad to see him, but had vanished instantly, apparently not to reappear. And, indeed, I am not sure if his perplexity was not that of a carnal man rather than that of a godly minister, for this was his dilemma. It was the custom of Salem (as we have already seen) for the minister, on entering a household for the visit which, among other people and in other times, would have been termed a "morning call," to put up a prayer for the eternal welfare of the family under whose roof-tree he was. Now this prayer was expected to be adapted to the individual character, joys, sorrows, wants, and failings of every member present, and here was he, a young pastor alone with a young woman, and he thought—vain thoughts, perhaps, but still very natural—that the implied guesses at her character, involved in the minute supplications above described, would be very awkward in a tête-à-tête prayer; so, whether it was his wonder or his perplexity, I do not know, but he did not contribute much to the conversation for some time, and at last, by a sudden burst of courage and impromptu hit, he cut the Gordian knot by making the usual proposal for prayer, and adding to it a request that the household might be summoned. In came Lois, quiet and decorous; in came Nattee, all one impassive, stiff piece of wood; no look of intelligence or trace of giggling near her countenance. Solemnly recalling each wandering thought, Pastor Nolan knelt in the midst of these three to pray. He was a good and truly religious man, whose name here is the only thing disguised, and played his part bravely in the awful trial to which he was afterwards subjected; and if at the time before he went through his fiery persecutions the human fancies which beset all young hearts came across him, we at this day know that these fancies are no sin. But now he prays in earnest, prays so heartily for himself, of his own spiritual need and spiritual failings, that each one of his hearers feels as if a prayer and a supplication had gone up for each of them. Even Nattee muttered the few words she knew of

the Lord's Prayer; gibberish though the disjointed nouns and verbs might be, the poor creature said them because she was stirred to unwonted reverence. As for Lois, she rose up comforted and strengthened, as no special prayers of Pastor Tappau had ever made her feel. But Faith was sobbing, sobbing aloud, almost hysterically, and made no effort to rise, but lay on her outstretched arms spread out upon the settle. Lois and Pastor Nolan looked at each other for an instant. Then Lois said,

"Sir, you must go. My cousin has not been strong for some time, and doubtless she needs more quiet than she has had to-day."

Pastor Nolan bowed, and left the house; but in a moment he returned. Half opening the door, but without entering, he said,

"I come back to ask if perchance I may call this evening to inquire how young Mistress Hickson finds herself?"

But Faith did not hear this; she was sobbing louder than ever.

"Why did you send him away, Lois? I should have been better directly, and it is so long since I have seen him."

She had her face hidden as she uttered these words, and Lois could not hear them distinctly. She bent her head down by her cousin's on the settle, meaning to ask her to repeat what she had said. But in the irritation of the moment, and prompted possibly by some incipient jealousy, Faith pushed Lois away so violently that the latter was hurt against the hard sharp corner of the wooden settle. Tears came into her eyes; not so much because her cheek was bruised, as because of the surprised pain she felt at this repulse from the cousin towards whom she was feeling so warmly and kindly. Just for the moment Lois was as angry as any child could have been; but some of the words of Pastor Nolan's prayer yet rang in her ears, and she thought it would be a shame if she did not let them sink into her heart. But she dared not stoop again to caress Faith, but stood quietly by her, sorrowfully waiting, until a step at the outer door caused Faith to rise quickly, and rush into the kitchen, leaving Lois to bear the brunt of the new comer. It was Manasseh, returned from hunting. He had been two days away in company with other young men out of Salem. It was almost the only occupation which could draw him out of his secluded habits. He stopped suddenly at the door at seeing Lois, and alone, for she had avoided him of late in every possible way.

"Where is my mother?"

"At a prayer meeting at Pastor Tappau's. She has taken Prudence. Faith has left the room this minute. I will call her." And Lois was going towards the kitchen, when he placed himself between her and the door.

"Lois," said he, "the time is going by, and I cannot wait much longer. The visions come thick upon me, and my sight grows clearer and clearer. Only this last night, camping out in the woods, I saw in my soul, between sleeping and waking, the spirit come and offer thee two loaves, and the colour of the one was white,

like a bride's, and the other was black and red, which is being interpreted a violent death. And when thou didst choose the latter the spirit said unto me, 'Come!' and I came, and did as I was bidden. I put it on thee with mine own hands, as it is preordained if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice and be my wife. And when the black and red dress fell to the ground, thou wert even as a corpse three days old. Now, be advised, Lois, in time. Lois, my cousin, I have seen it in a vision, and my soul cleaveth unto thee—I would fain spare thee."

He was really in earnest—in passionate earnest; whatever his visions, as he called them, might be, he believed in them, and this belief gave something of unselfishness to his love for Lois. This she felt at this moment, if she had never done so before, and it seemed like a contrast to the repulse she had just met with from his sister. He had drawn near her, and now he took hold of her hand, repeating in his wild, pathetic, dreamy way,

"And the voice said unto me, 'Marry Lois!'" And Lois was more inclined to soothe and reason with him than she had ever been before since the first time of his speaking to her on the subject, when Grace Hickson and Prudence entered the room from the passage. They had returned from the prayer meeting by the back way, which had prevented the sound of their approach from being heard.

But Manasseh did not stir or look round; he kept his eyes fixed on Lois, as if to note the effect of his words. Grace came hastily forwards, and, lifting up her strong right arm, smote their joined hands in twain, in spite of the fervour of Manasseh's grasp.

"What means this?" said she, addressing herself more to Lois than to her son, anger flashing out of her deep-set eyes.

Lois waited for Manasseh to speak. He seemed but a few minutes before to be more gentle and less threatening than he had been of late on this subject, and she did not wish to irritate him. But he did not speak, and her aunt stood angrily waiting for an answer.

"At any rate," thought Lois, "it will put an end to the thought in his mind when my aunt speaks out about it."

"My cousin seeks me in marriage," said Lois.

"Thee!" and Grace struck out in the direction of her niece with a gesture of supreme contempt. But now Manasseh spoke forth:

"Yea! it is preordained. The voice has said it, and the spirit has brought her to me as my bride."

"Spirit! an evil spirit then. A good spirit would have chosen out for thee a godly maiden of thine own people, and not a prelatist and a stranger like this girl. A pretty return, Mistress Lois, for all our kindness."

"Indeed, Aunt Hickson, I have done all I could—Cousin Manasseh knows it—to show him I can be none of his. I have told him," said she, blushing, but determined to say all out at once, "that I am all but troth-plight to a young man

of our own village at home; and, even putting all that on one side, I wish not for marriage at present."

"Wish rather for conversion and regeneration. Marriage is an unseemly word in the mouth of a maiden. As for Manasseh, I will take reason with him in private; and, meanwhile, if thou hast spoken truly, throw not thyself in his path, as I have noticed thou hast done but too often of late."

Lois's heart burnt within her at this unjust accusation, for she knew how much she had dreaded and avoided her cousin, and she almost looked to him to give evidence that her aunt's last words were not true. But, instead, he recurred to his one fixed idea, and said:

"Mother, listen. If I wed not Lois, both she and I die within the year. I care not for life; before this, as you know, I have sought for death" (Grace shuddered, and was for a moment subdued by some recollection of past horror), "but if Lois were my wife I should live, and she would be spared from what is the other lot. That whole vision grows clearer to me day by day. Yet, when I try to know whether I am one of the elect, all is dark. The mystery of Free Will and Fore Knowledge is a mystery of Satan's devising, not of God's."

"Alas, my son, Satan is abroad among the brethren even now; but let the old vexed topics rest. Sooner than fret thyself again, thou shalt have Lois to be thy wife, though my heart was set far differently for thee."

"No, Manasseh," said Lois. "I love you well as a cousin, but wife of yours I can never be. Aunt Hickson, it is not well to delude him so. I say if ever I marry man I am troth-plight to one in England."

"Tush, child! I am your guardian in my dead husband's place. Thou thinkest thyself so great a prize that I would clutch at thee whether or no, I doubt not. I value thee not, save as a medicine for Manasseh, if his mind get disturbed again, as I have noted signs of late."

This, then, was the secret explanation of much that had alarmed her in her cousin's manner; and if Lois had been a physician of modern times she might have traced somewhat of the same temperament in his sisters as well—in Prudence's lack of natural feeling and impish delight in mischief, in Faith's vehemence of unrequited love. But as yet Lois did not know, any more than Faith, that the attachment of the latter to Mr. Nolan was not merely unreturned, but even unperceived, by the young minister.

He came, it is true, came often to the house, sat long with the family, and watched them narrowly, but took no especial notice of Faith. Lois perceived this, and grieved over it; Nattee perceived it, and was indignant at it, long before Faith slowly acknowledged it to herself, and went to Nattee the Indian woman, rather than to Lois her cousin, for sympathy and counsel.

"He cares not for me," said Faith. "He cares more for Lois's little finger than for my

whole body," the girl moaned out in the bitter pain of jealousy.

"Hush thee, hush thee, prairie bird. How can he build a nest when the old bird has got all the moss and the feathers? Wait till the Indian has found means to send the old bird flying far away." This was the mysterious comfort Nattee gave.

Grace Hickson took some kind of charge over Manasseh that relieved Lois of much of her distress at his strange behaviour. Yet at times he escaped from his mother's watchfulness, and at such opportunities he would always seek Lois, entreating her, as of old, to marry him—sometimes pleading his love for her, oftener speaking wildly of his visions and the voices which he heard foretelling a terrible futurity.

We have now to do with the events which were taking place in Salem beyond the narrow circle of the Hickson family; but as they only concern us in as far as they bore down in their consequences upon the future of those people whom I have already named, I shall go over their narrative very briefly. The town of Salem had lost by death, within a very short time preceding the commencement of my story, nearly all its venerable men and leading citizens—men of ripe wisdom and sound counsel. The people had hardly yet recovered from the shock of their loss, as one by one the patriarchs of the primitive little community had rapidly followed each other to the grave. They had been beloved as fathers, and looked up to as judges in the land. The first bad effect of their loss was seen in the heated dissension which sprang up between Pastor Tappau and the candidate Nolan. It had been apparently healed over; but Mr. Nolan had not been many weeks in Salem, after his second coming, before the strife broke out afresh, and alienated many for life who had till now been bound together by the ties of friendship or relationship. Even in the Hickson family something of this feeling soon sprang up; Grace being a vehement partisan of the elder pastor's more gloomy doctrines, while Faith was a passionate, if a powerless, advocate of Mr. Nolan. Manasseh's growing absorption in his own fancies and imagined gift of prophecy making him comparatively indifferent to all outward events, did not tend either to the fulfilment of his visions, or the elucidation of the dark mysterious doctrines over which he had pondered too long for the health either of his mind or body; while Prudence delighted in irritating every one by her advocacy of the views of thinking to which they were most opposed, and in retailing every gossiping story to the person most likely to disbelieve, and be indignant at what she told with an assumed unconsciousness of any such effect to be produced. There was much talk of the congregational difficulties and dissensions being carried up to the general court, and each party naturally hoped that, if such were the course of events, the opposing pastor and that portion of the congregation that adhered to him might be worsted in the struggle.

Such was the state of things in the township when, one day towards the end of the month of February, Grace Hickson returned from the weekly prayer meeting, which it was her custom to attend at Pastor Tappau's house, in a state of extreme excitement. On her entrance into her own house she sat down, rocking her body backwards and forwards, and praying to herself; both Faith and Lois stopped their spinning in wonder at her agitation before either of them ventured to address her. At length Faith rose, and spoke:

"Mother, what is it? Hath anything happened of an evil nature?"

The brave, stern, old woman's face was blanched, and her eyes were almost set in horror, as she prayed; the great drops running down her cheeks.

It seemed almost as if she had to make a struggle to recover her sense of the present homely accustomed life, before she could find words to answer:

"Evil nature! Daughters, Satan is abroad, is close to us. I have this very hour seen him afflict two innocent children, as of old he troubled those who were possessed by him in Judea. Hester and Abigail Tappau have been contorted and convulsed by him and his servants into such shapes as I am afeard to think on; and when their father, godly Mr. Tappau, began to exhort and to pray, their howlings were like the wild beasts' of the field. Satan is of a truth let loose amongst us. The girls kept calling upon him as if he were even then present among us. Abigail screeched out that he stood at my very back in the guise of a black man; and truly, as I turned round at her words, I saw a creature like a shadow vanishing, and turned all of a cold sweat. Who knows where he is now? Faith, lay straws across on the door-sill."

"But if he be already entered in," asked Prudence, "may not that make it difficult for him to depart?"

Her mother, taking no notice of her question, went on rocking herself, and praying, till again she broke out into narration:

"Reverend Mr. Tappau says that only last night he heard a sound as of a heavy body dragged all through the house by some strong power; once it was thrown against his bedroom door, and would, doubtless, have broken it in, if he had not prayed fervently and aloud at that very time; and a shriek went up at his prayer that made his hair stand on end; and this morning all the crockery in the house was found broken and piled up in the middle of the kitchen floor; and Pastor Tappau says that as soon as he began to ask blessing on the morning's meal, Abigail and Hester cried out, as if some one was pinching them, Lord, have mercy upon us all! Satan is of a truth let loose."

"They sound like the old stories I used to hear in Barford," said Lois, breathless with affright.

Faith seemed less alarmed; but then her dis-

like to Pastor Tappan was so great that she could hardly sympathise with any misfortunes that befel him or his family.

Towards evening Mr. Nolan came in. In general, so high did party spirit run, Grace Hickson only tolerated his visits, finding herself often engaged at such hours, and being too much abstracted in thought to show him the ready hospitality which was one of her most prominent virtues. But to-day, both as bringing the latest intelligence of the new horrors sprung up in Salem, and as being one of the Church militant (or what the Puritans considered as equivalent to the Church militant) against Satan, he was welcomed by her in an unusual manner.

He seemed oppressed with the occurrences of the day; at first it appeared to be almost a relief to him to sit still, and cogitate upon them, and his hosts were becoming almost impatient for him to say something more than mere monosyllables, when he began:

"Such a day as this I pray that I may never see again. It is as if the devils whom our Lord banished into the herd of swine had been permitted to come again upon the earth. And I would it were only the lost spirits who were tormenting us; but I much fear that certain of those whom we have esteemed as God's people have sold their souls to Satan, for the sake of a little of his evil power, whereby they may afflict others for a time. Elder Sherringham hath lost this very day a good and valuable horse, where-with he used to drive his family to meeting, his wife being bedridden."

"Perchance," said Lois, "the horse died of some natural disease."

"True," said Pastor Nolan, "but I was going on to say, that as he entered into his house, full of dolour at the loss of his beast, a mouse ran in before him so sudden that it almost tripped him up, though an instant before there was no such thing to be seen; and he caught at it with his shoe and hit it, and it cried out like a human creature in pain, and straight ran up the chimney, caring nothing for the hot flame and smoke."

Manasseh listened greedily to all this story, and when it was ended he smote upon his breast, and prayed aloud for deliverance from the power of the Evil One; and he continually went on praying at intervals through the evening with every mark of abject terror on his face and in his manner—he, the bravest, most daring hunter in all the settlement. Indeed, all the family huddled together in silent fear, scarcely finding any interest in the usual household occupations. Faith and Lois sat with arms entwined, as in former days before the former had become jealous of the latter; Prudence asked low, fearful questions of her mother and of the pastor as to the creatures that were abroad, and the ways in which they afflicted others; and when Grace besought the minister to pray for her and her household, he made a long and passionate supplication that none of that little flock might ever so far fall away

into hopeless perdition as to be guilty of the sin without forgiveness—the Sin of Witchcraft.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AND AN INFANT MAGNET.

YOUR Eye-witness was thoroughly sick of Smallport. He had used it up utterly. He had wrung it dry. The sight of canvas shoes and round straw hats had become a positive misery and nuisance to him, and he was even tired of paying twice the proper amount for every article which he found it necessary to consume.

What was it, then, that caused your Eye-witness to write to London putting off the matter of business which demanded his presence there?

It was THE INFANT MAGNET!

Passing by the shut-up "Rooms" which are to be found in most watering-places, and which are almost always, like these in question, shut up, your Eye-witness observed, pasted upon the door-post, a large printed bill, which at once caught and riveted his attention.

It was a good and promising placard, surely. It told the public of Smallport that Miss Rebecca Salamans (better known as the Infant Magnet) would appear for that night only at the Assembly Rooms, and would, "besides exhibiting other phenomena," go through certain performances in animal magnetism, a list of which (including an act called the "Rigid Legs") was appended beneath.

The "Rigid Legs!" Was it for one moment to be supposed that the E. W. could go away from Smallport without seeing the rigid legs? Nor let any ill-disposed person hastily jump to the conclusion that the E. W. was, in his keen longing to witness the act thus designated, influenced by any base or unworthy motive. No; the legs here spoken of were the legs of Master Raphael, and Master Raphael was the Magnet's brother. All here is propriety, and equal rigidity of principle—and of leg.

And as it appeared, on further perusal of the advertisement, of body too. This Magnetic Infant, besides being able so to affect the lower limbs of Master Raphael that they shall become immovable as bars of iron, is in the habit of producing (by a few passes) such a condition of his entire frame, that his head being placed on one chair and his heels upon another, he can without other support sustain the weight of a gentleman of twenty-two stone sitting down upon him. Nor is this all. Master Raphael's phrenological sensitiveness is, it seems, very great. On his organ of music being touched by the Infant Magnet he will beat time "so accurately, that, on a slow measure being changed in any part for a quick air, no mistake will occur in his accompaniment." A degree of sensitiveness this, of which one has perhaps met with an instance or two before. "*Mutatis mutandis*," the bill goes on to say, "similar results will be obtained by touching other organs." The organ of combativeness, by-the-by, it is pleasant to find, is singularly under control, for we read

that the magnetist will by a single pass render futile all Master Raphael's attempts to strike her, and will "reduce him when at the height of his frenzy to such extreme rigidity that he will again sustain a heavy weight, *as before*." This "as before" seems to point at the twenty-two stone gentleman again, and we think there are but few of us whose combativeness would sustain its full energy were we to be sat down upon by a personage of so plethoric a habit.

The aspect presented by the Assembly Rooms on the occasion was the reverse of exhilarating. A little strip of Kidderminster carpet to comfort the feet of the occupants of the front row; a small and rickety dressing-table with some seedy damask for a cover, and two composite candles upon it to light a room about fifty feet long; twelve persons seated on benches round the dressing-table, and four bathing-machine boys upon a distant form, who had been let in for nothing—these were the component parts of the coup-d'œil which greeted your Eye-witness when he entered the Rooms at Smallport, bent on examining dispassionately, and estimating truly, the performances of the Infant Magnet. Traditions are in existence of days when duchesses have danced minuets in those Rooms, and of weekly assemblies, of wit and rank and beauty, which took place in those apartments in the palmy days of Smallport. Such days are over now, and only the traditions of them hang about the place, just as the plaster ornaments hang from the ceiling, the cobwebs from the cornice, and the paper in damp strips from the cracking walls.

There seemed no particular reason why the twelve persons who were waiting for the exhibition to begin should communicate with each other in whispers, yet it was in such covert tones that they spoke, and everything they did was so furtive, that the crunching of the apples by the bathing-machine boys resounded through the room till it echoed again. In such a silence as this it will readily be imagined that any unusual noise would attract immense attention, and that when from behind a huge screen, which nearly covered one end of the room, there arose a sound of pouring out of water, of the clinking of a soap-dish, of the friction of soap upon a towel, of the escape of this slippery article, of its recapture, of rubbing, of rinsing, of splashing—when these sounds, we say, reached the ears of the audience, and when they reflected that the Infant Magnet alone was behind the screen, then it was that the conviction forced itself upon them that this gifted creature was engaged at her toilet.

It has been said that the public was aware that the Magnetic Infant was the only inhabitant of the screened-off portion of the room; and, indeed, about this there could be no sort of doubt, for both the Professor who exhibited her and Master Raphael (the proprietor of the Rigid Legs) were standing by the door assisting the old lady who took the money, and whose imperfect acquaintance with the currency rendered their presence highly desirable.

Three large flat-irons, or tailor's geese, having been, at three separate journeys, brought from some place of concealment and placed with a bang, and a show of much effort, upon the dressing-table, the Professor began his address. He was a little, middle-aged gentleman, but compact and stout, with short bristling hair, and a dyed moustache. The Professor leaned one hand upon the table, and, placing the other akimbo, eyed his audience with a mixture of suspicion, and of a foreknowledge that they would not be perfectly satisfied with what they were going to see. His stock of words appeared to be singularly limited. He had a habit of leaving his sentences incomplete, abandoning each commonly at an early stage, and getting on to the next, in a sanguine hope that it might turn out more manageable than its predecessor,—but for these defects, and an imperfect acquaintance with the subject he was lecturing upon, the Professor would have been, perhaps, one of the most remarkable orators of modern times. The eloquence of our lecturer was slow, with pauses of great duration. It was of this sort:

"It is generally admitted, or rather I should say that the remarks which I am about to make. The practice, or it would be preferable to say the science, of mesmerism, or rather animal magnetism. It is well known that even among the ancient Egyptians, one of whom, the renowned Mesmer. And, indeed, in our own day, many are of opinion: but there have always been, at all times, those whom the evidence of their senses will not convince. While in the study of Phrenology, being myself engaged in, and I shall feel happy to examine the heads of any lady or gentleman present, and at my temporary residence in the neighbouring town, number 48, Swallow-street. The exhibition which is about to take place in which the heavy iron weights which are placed as you see; and the medical world, the science of mesmerism having in its noisier aspects yielded to the calmness of truth; the accomplished young lady, whom I came in contact with but eight days ago, being here to illustrate my meaning: with these few remarks explanatory of the nature of the performance and of mesmerism, or rather animal magnetism, we will introduce—"

THE INFANT MAGNET appears from behind the screen—a little girl, apparently about fifteen, but probably older, with a good, intelligent, and rather pretty face, and a singularly elegant and graceful manner. After curtsying to the audience, she seats herself at the table, places her little finger and the part of the inside of her hand between it, and the wrist upon the handle of one of the flat-irons, and tips up the end of the iron which is farthest from her, the other extremity remaining upon the table. This is done several times, with each of the irons in turn.

The effect of this prodigious feat is somehow so very small upon the audience, that the Professor seems to feel it necessary to apologise.

"We have been disappointed," the Professor says, "of the music. The musician having at

the last moment; the effect is materially increased by the adaptation of the action of the weights to tune; the whole exhibition is marred. If any lady or gentleman present would; there is a piano in the room; they would confer a great obligation. Perhaps some lady or gentleman would;" and the wretched Professor looks helplessly and hopelessly from one unpromising face to another, and the bathing-machine boys wriggle uneasily on their form, as if they thought they were being personally alluded to. There is a great pause.

"If any lady or gentleman would play any little tune, it would add to the interest of the performance," remarked the Professor.

"What sort of a tune?" said a tall man, standing in a dark part of the room, and leaning against the wall.

"Any tune in the world," said the Professor.

"Home, sweet home?" inquired the tall man.

The Professor, after consulting the Magnet, and after much argument in an under tone, says that the Magnet would prefer a Polka. But it would appear that the tall man does not know any other, for he remains immovable against the wall. There is another pause.

"If no lady or gentleman will oblige us," says the Professor, "we must do as well as we can without. The exhibition will now proceed."

More tipping up of one end of the flat-irons. At length the Magnet, who seems inclined to laugh, whispers to the Professor. He leans over with his knuckles upon the table, and smiles in a sickly manner upon the audience.

"Perhaps some lady or gentleman would like to feel the weight of the irons, or to endeavour to raise them as done by the infant Magnet."

Silence and inaction on the part of the audience, each member of which seems to think that his neighbour is being addressed.

"It will materially increase the effect, if any lady or gentleman would try," says the hapless Professor. After which there occurs the longest silence of all, which is broken by an explosion of laughter coming from one of the bathing-machine boys, who is promptly turned out. After this there is more whispering between the Professor and the Magnet, and then the lecturer, leaning again with his knuckles on the table, and again regarding the public with a sickly smile, says once more:

"It will materially increase the effect of the performance if any lady or gentleman will kindly favour us with the loan of a watch."

Assuredly this is an exhibition in which the audience is expected to contribute largely to its own amusement. There is by no means that alacrity to answer this last appeal that might have been expected; but, at length a noble and public-spirited Frenchman (the same that bathes daily with his wife and family all in rose-coloured dresses) is pushed forward by his wife, and, with agony depicted in every feature, tenders his watch to the Professor.

The goose is again tipped up and the watch placed, to the increased anguish of the French gentleman, where the end of the iron would fall

if allowed to descend. The iron is suffered to drop again till it nearly touches the watch-glass, and is then canted back again.

"Aie!" cries the proprietor of the rose-coloured bathing-dress, snatching his watch up again and putting it in his pocket; "enough for me." Nor will all the persuasions of his better half, with whom he carries on a long and brisk argument in their native tongue, persuade him to risk his timepiece again. The Professor, during this discussion, looks on with a smile of proprietorship, as if it was part of the entertainment, and it being impossible to cke out the time any longer, it is now announced that Master Raphael (the rigidly disposed young gentleman) will promptly make his appearance.

His appearance was that of an ill-looking youngster, about sixteen or seventeen, short of his age, but tough and strongly built. The flat-irons and the dressing-table being removed, this young gentleman placed himself in the middle of the room, standing in the attitude of the genteel beggars who on Saturday night place themselves by the side of the kerb-stone with a box of lucifer-matches in their hands, and looking down at the pavement. The Infant Magnet then proceeded to make the mesmeric passes, as if she were draping him with magnetism from the head to the feet, and wrapping these last up with especial care in the mesmeric garment, the Professor standing all the time with his arms extended in an expectant "pose," and ready to catch our young friend as soon as he should go off.

Very soon and very suddenly he does go off, tumbling all stiff and straight into the Professor's arms, who, propping him from behind, invites the audience to come and test for themselves the rigidity of his limbs in any way they think proper. They think proper to answer to this appeal very readily, and (especially the bathing-machine boys) to pinch the calves, to wrench the jaw, to grasp the throat, and to tug generally at the limbs of Master Raphael in a very edifying manner. While all this was going on, a member of the company with whom your Eye-witness happened to be acquainted, suddenly pulled the boy's clasped hands asunder, the firm locking together of these being one of the principal evidences of the lad's general rigidity. He who had thus succeeded in invalidating this test now called the attention of the Professor to what had happened.

"That-er-er-signifies-er-nothing," was the unanswerable explanation of this truly great man. As for the boy, he quietly and scientifically joined his hands together again as soon as they were liberated—just as if he had been conscious. Perhaps he was.

Our young friend was next placed on his back with his head and shoulders supported by one chair, and his heels and part of his legs by another. The Infant Magnet and the Professor then stood upon him, making a united weight of probably some seventeen stone. If no part of the boy but the back of his head and the extremities of his heels had rested upon the chairs

this would have been a surprising feat, but it was not so; the chairs were brought well under his shoulders, and half way towards the calves of his legs.

By many graceful passes and wavings of a white pocket-handkerchief, the Infant Magnet now succeeded in de-mesmerising the superior half of Master Raphael's frame, leaving only the lower limbs in the magnetised state. In a word, the next act exhibited was to be that which bears the exquisitely humorous title of the "Rigid Legs."

The reader may, without being possessed of any great muscular power, achieve the "Rigid Legs" act, as completely as it was performed by Master Raphael. Let him (the reader) seat himself in a strong chair, and take a firm hold of the seat with both hands; let him stretch his legs out straight in front of him not to touch the ground, and he will find that he can keep them in that position with a full-grown human being standing upon his insteps. It will be necessary that the amateur acrobat shall be held into his chair, as was the case with Master Raphael, as otherwise, acrobat, chair, and all, must infallibly be overbalanced and brought to the ground by the weight of the full-grown human being.

The "Rigid Legs" having been done justice to, a few more lucid remarks follow from the Professor:

"It will now be our interesting office to consider, or rather that of the young lady to so act upon the phrenological organisation; nor can any more interesting study be conceived; and most persons will admit. The sensitiveness of our young friend's cranium being such; whether we test the organ of self-esteem, or of veneration, or that of sublimity" (an organ of sublimity!), "but the fearful struggles and violence demonstrated in the exhibition of that of combativeness, no person can doubt the truth of the science after witnessing; and myself being, as I have remarked, a practical phrenologist. Whilst the development of tune can be brought into action by musical one, if any lady or gentleman will kindly favour us by playing any little air——"

"Would any lady or gentleman oblige us by performing a tune upon the piano?" continued the lecturer, as if the idea had suddenly occurred to him and had never been suggested before.

All this time the Infant Magnet is engaged in preparing Master Raphael for the phrenological test. She now pronounces him to be in perfect readiness, and comes to consult the Professor as to the exact position (to the eighth of an inch) of the organ of self-esteem. Having with the assistance of this gentleman got it to the utmost nicety, the Magnet does not let it go again, but continues to poke the bump in question with her infant forefinger till our youth, beginning perhaps to find his situation uncomfortable, gets up and proceeds to develop his idea of the usual manifestations of the quality in question. He begins by buttoning up his coat at the waist

(which it appears is an infallible sign of self-esteem). Then he converts his forefinger and thumb into a barbarous imitation of an eye-glass, and holding this phantom optical aid to his eye, walks round the room with his head on one side, with a kind of paralytic strut, stopping suddenly from time to time as if he had forgotten something.

The mountebank who had taught the young impostor this nonsense, had also taught him that the sublimest acme of veneration was to be shown by a figure kneeling upon one knee, with the head thrown back and the hands clasped in the attitude of the Exeter Hall negro when he cries, with a jingle of his chains, "Am I not a man and a brother?" But neither the mountebank, nor the professor, nor the Infant Magnet, nor the boy's mother had taken due pains that evening to prepare him for all emergencies in one important particular. They had sent him to the show in a "Dickey;" a dreadful subterfuge (the sale of which should be illegal) which bears the semblance of a shirt; while, in reality, it is only the front of one. The Dickey behaved very well for a long time. Through all the squarings and strikings out, the buffetings of the air, and the cuffings of imaginary adversaries, it kept its place; but when, in the final crisis of destructiveness, our youngster flung himself, wallowing on the ground, then the last thread, or the final tape, or the critical button, or something or other, gave way, and the deceptive piece of wearing apparel dawned upon the company in all its native hideousness. It was too much for the gravity of even the Magnet herself. All eyes went to the shirt-front; whisperings and covert laughter, and explosive splutterings of bathing-machine boys, gathered force and volume, till at last the attention of the combative youth himself was drawn to the derangement of his attire, and, as he rolled over in one of his paroxysms, he managed to turn his back to the audience, and capture the floating ends of the treacherous Dickey—and thrust it back into his waistcoat.

Climax, and finishing stroke of humbug! Fitting end of an exhibition with as much of Magnetism in it, as of anything else that is genuine and real. And one thing serious let the reader take note of—that the paltry fabric of this poor sham, was shored up and held together by the aid of two young creatures, a boy and a girl entering newly into life, but entering it by what a road of falsehood and deceit!

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